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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when subscription expires.

"*Populus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur.*"

During the last quarter the average circulation of PUCK was 1,190,377.

The sales of last week's PUCK were 2,825,211 1-2000*

Yours for truth and modesty,

PUCK.

*Used to wrap up the remains of the boom of a well-known Statesman.

CONTENTS:

- FIRST-PAGE CARTOON—Drowning in His Own "Pool."
Cartoons and Comments.
Warrant-ed Security—illus.
The Silver Churn—poem—illus.—W. S. Filbert.
Puckerings.
The Chicago Convention.
Cause for Complaint—illus.
Free Lunch.
The Patriots—An Operetta of the Hour—poem—R.
Attractive Advertisements—illus.
Political Poets.
What They Said.
Sam Ward—poem—James B. Townsend.
Natural—illus.
Unmade Hay—poem.
Business Announcement.
R. T. Lincoln, Esq.—Dear Sir—poem.
Another Triumph for a Bank-Cashier.
Rather Reckless—A. M.
Answers for the Anxious.
Fred's Slate and His Little Letter to the Editor—illus.
Mr. Seney's Pictures.
CENTRE-PAGE CARTOON—Phryne Before the Chicago Convention.
Ballade of the Rusticator.
Bracing Blaine's Boom—illus.
A Martyr to Identification—Washington Nerve.
Butler in the Campaign Field—illus.
Under the Roses—R. K. Munkittrick.
American Dynamite in Europe—E.
Deep Diplomacy—illus.
Puck's Exchanges.
LAST-PAGE CARTOON—He Courts the Mother, and Means the Daughter.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"Here's your Phryne, gentlemen; the only perfect and wholly genuine model of purity in the world. Observe these classical proportions and this alabaster skin. What's that? Marks? No, sir. No marks there. You see 'Little Rock and Arkansas' imprinted upon that alabaster skin? Impossible, sir, impossible! All a delusion, I assure you. 'Mulligan Letters'? I can't see anything of the sort. Must be some mistake. Give you my sacred word, sir—honor of a gentlemen—there isn't a mark on that alabaster skin. I wouldn't lie about a matter like that. No, gentlemen, you may take my word for it, there's nothing but purity there!"

But nobody does take your word for it. Your word, in fact, is not, and has not been for years an article negotiable at its face value. And though you spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, you could not convince us that this stained and spotted and sin-branded figure is pure. Pure! Why, this is the very wanton of politics; the very hireling of the Lobby. The ancient Phryne offered to rebuild ruined Thebes, if she might be allowed to place on its walls the inscription "The courtesan Phryne restored Thebes." The offer was rejected. And the offer of your Phryne to rebuild the Republican

party will be rejected too, if on the reconstructed walls is to be blazoned:

LITTLE ROCK & ARKANSAS
DID IT!

You do not, as a rule, give a man a bad oyster by way of preparing him for a fight. Well, gentlemen of the Convention, if you undertake to give the Republican party Mr. Blaine to swallow, you are giving the Republican party a large oyster of extra demoralizing power, and you must not be surprised if the natural results occur. We do not wish to carry out the metaphor to the horrid end; but you may think it over for yourselves. You may go very far, gentlemen of the Convention, in your disregard of the wishes of the people and the obligations of common honesty; but the line is drawn *somewhere* in everything, and in this case it is drawn—a very big, black, well-defined line—at James G. Blaine.

If a man's popularity could be measured by the amount of advertising he receives, Mr. Jay Gould would be the most popular man in the country. But he is nothing of the sort. The more a man is known frequently lessens his popularity. Take Judas Iscariot, for example. Few historical characters are as familiar as he; yet there are no evidences that he was ever a favorite, and his memory scarcely receives that tribute of respect which is usually paid to those to whom mankind feels indebted for services rendered in any sphere of usefulness. It is an unpleasant thing to admit, but Mr. Gould is certainly not a man beloved by his fellows. Although he has weathered the Wall Street storm safely so far, there exists still a distressing lack of confidence in his methods.

Why should this be so? Why should not Mr. Gould occupy a place in the affections of the people second only to that of Washington? He was not born in the purple. If his early history as related by himself is true, he was nearly twenty years old before he had a dollar that he could call his own. That the great financier should now be the possessor of so many millions is something of which we

should all be proud. It is eminently American that a man, simply by his own ability and shrewdness, should make a fabulous amount of money without any of the usual advantages. In ordinary circumstances, Mr. Gould should be looked up to and be spoken of as the embodiment of all that is good, virtuous and successful. But nobody looks up to him—nobody speaks well of him.

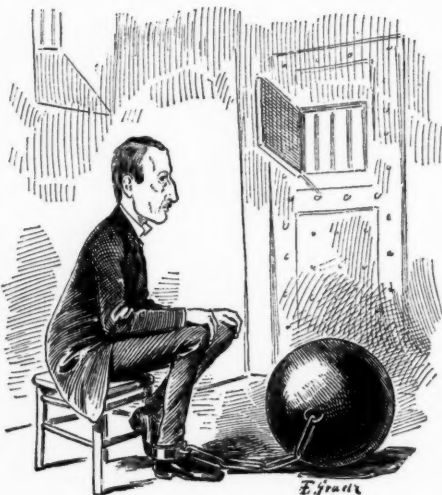
All his acts are viewed with the utmost suspicion, no matter how benevolent and unselfish they may appear to be on the surface. The scent of Black Friday clings to him still, and no kind of soap or cleanser will enable him to get rid of it. That was a very pretty telegraphic correspondence by cable that took place between Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, in London, and Mr. Jay Gould, in New York. As a bull manifesto it was a trifle "thin"; but it doubtless had the effect of putting money into some persons' pockets, especially Mr. Gould's, who sold what he could of a number of his variegated and assorted stocks during the feverish and unnatural rise last week, caused by his calm, saccharine and hopeful cable-message to Mr. Vanderbilt.

But his work is not half done yet. The unloading process is long, expensive and troublesome. Nobody wants to be "stuck." Everybody watches Mr. Gould. When he sells they are obliged to sell, and down goes the market, and with it banks, bank-presidents and brokers who have been speculating with the banks' securities and the customers' money—and the collapse comes. But Mr. Gould is not a great loser. He is no greater a loser in his way than will be President Arthur if he is not nominated or re-elected. President Arthur never expected to be President. Now that he has been, and a very good one, too, he is quite willing to undertake the job again. But should he fail in his object, it can scarcely be said that he has experienced a loss, because he never expected to have the gain in the first instance.

So it is with Mr. Gould. We apologize to President Arthur for the comparison. Mr. Gould picked up a few railroads and other almost bankrupt enterprises cheap. They were not in merchantable condition, and could not have been sold even in the Bowery on Saturday night on sight. What does Mr. Gould do? He does as the shrewd man of business, the frequenter of the auction-room where job-lots are disposed of, does. He takes home his wares; he furbishes them up; he makes them pleasing to the eye; he waters them, and then sells them at an enormous profit. He keeps a few in stock for himself, and then, when the inevitable discovery is made that the goods are almost worthless, Mr. Gould has to sell at a price considerably lower. Kind individuals pity him under the impression that he is losing money, when in reality he is raking it in, although in not quite such extensive piles.

There is a song called "Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother," and there is a farce now being played which might be called "Let Me Buss Her for Her Daughter." Exactly how the farce will terminate we don't know. It is a very sly old lady that the Democratic Party is dallying with—aged, like Mr. Bagstock, but sly, devilish sly. And it would be rather a joke on the young lover if in the end he found himself burdened with a far maturer bride than the buxom young thing on whom his heart is set. Which is by no means among the impossibilities. And which would cause much merriment among the ungodly in the Republican House.

WARRANT-ED SECURITY.



WITH A DIFFERENCE.

THE SILVER CHURN.

A SONG FROM THE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE.



THE HISTORIAN.

A magnet hung through a whole campaign,
A-magnetizing with might and main.
And various things about the room
Were caught in the great magnetic boom.
But for Reids and sich he felt no whim—
Though he charmed Reid, Reid charmed not
him;

From Phelpslets and the like he'd turn;
For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn.

CHORUS OF INTELLIGENT INQUIRERS.
A Silver Churn?

THE HISTORIAN.

[Affirmatively:] A Silver Churn!

His most ambitious
Avaricious
Fancy took this turn:
If I can gull again
A man like Mulligan —
Why not a Silver Churn?

The Reids and Phelpslets clung to him,
The sunstrokes went for their favorite Jim;
He picked up all that was lying loose,
For which he hadn't the smallest use,
But cold, unsympathetic, stern,
Remained uncharmed the Silver Churn,
In vain he waited and talked and wrote—
For the Silver Churn was the Honest Vote.

CHORUS OF INTELLIGENT INQUIRERS.
The Honest Vote?

THE HISTORIAN.

[Affirmatively:] The Honest Vote!

And this ambitious
Avaricious
Lover he lived to learn
The game magnetic,
Though energetic,
Won't cheat a Silver Churn.

W. S. FILBERT.

IT is all well enough to speak of the wise son
that knows his own father; but how about the
wise father that doesn't know his own son, as
in the case of Grant and his festive offspring?

A RARE EXOTIC—An Englishman who can't
tell us how to run the country better.

FLY-PAPER—PUCK. Don't see the point, eh?
Because it flies all over; but go to—you are
not worth the explanation.

IN LIFE's now barren field I'd like to cull again
Another such confiding plant as Mulligan.

—J-m-s G. Bl--ne.

Puckerings.



Oh, lay aside the swallow-
tail,
Likewise the white cra-
vat,
The single-barreled dia-
mond stud,
And eke the opera-hat.

Oh, lay aside the dancing-
pumps,
Likewise the white-kid
gloves,
The dog-eared collar that
its points
Into your throttle shoves.

For now the season's at an end,
The blossom's on the tree;
The balls and parties o'er, we think
Of mountain and of sea.

But when we get beside the sea,
And hear the sea-gulls screech,
We'll meet the darling city girls
A-bathing on the beach.

And we'll meander round with them
Upon the shining strand,
And, sitting 'neath a parasol,
Fool with the snowy hand.

And give them lots of caramels,
And take them to the hop,
And in some sweet, secluded spot
The question softly pop.

Then lay aside the swallow-tails,
The season's at an end;
'Tis time to get our Summer duds,
And to the seashore wend.

If a man wants to become a man of grit, he
should eat lots of spinach.

ON THE Democratic side, the most successful
men seem to be the ones who have the greatest
influence.

THE CULTURED maiden from Boston wrote to
her friend that she had just been to hear Mr.
Joseph Emmett sing "Pique-à-bout."

MAINE is noted more for its water-power
than anything else. Therefore, it seems per-
fectly natural that its natives should take so
kindly to the flowing bowl that a prohibition
law is necessary.

WHEN YOU take a couple of dozen wire win-
dow-screens, and attempt to adjust them in the
sashes, it is always the last screen you try that
fits. There is only one screen, come to think
of it, that fits first, and that is the last one; and
that is because there is none to follow it.

WE HAVE it on sound authority that the
French Government has resolved to return the
exquisite courtesy of our law-makers in kind.
Hereafter a duty will be levied upon all works
of art imported into France from America; and
thirty per cent will be collected upon all Ameri-
can-made chromos and other works of art, such
as tobacco-labels, three-sheet pictorial posters,
wooden Indians, Godblessourhome mottos, pic-
tures by National Academicians, advertising
fans, please-shut-the-door signs and native wines.

WHAT SUFFICETH it if a political aspirant
Mulligain the whole world and lose the nomi-
nation? Get thee hence, vile caitiff! Disturb
not our purple ease by thy canting queries. We
are not answering riddles to-day. So get thee
hence to Augusta, Maine, for the solution of
thy hellish conundrum, or, by St. George and
the dragons he slew as they emerged from his
boots, we will have at thee. And if we do, thou
wilt carry our trade-mark to thy funeral, and
to the day of thy death wilt marvel how thou
gottest to the bustling pave below.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Country Startled.

AN EXTRAORDINARY COALITION

THE TICKET.

Tilden and Blaine to be Joint Presidents.

Arthur, Butler and Bayard Joint Vice-Presidents.

WILL THE PEOPLE VOTE FOR THEM?

Never in the history of the United States has there been any political event so startling, so utterly unexpected, so far-reaching in its effects as what has just taken place at Chicago. All the political prophets have had their reputations for shrewdness, for ability, for long-headedness swept away in a moment. Not one delegate went to the Convention instructed to vote in the manner in which he was compelled to before he left Chicago. It would have been impossible—quite out of the question; for delegates were sent from the different districts by the Republican voters, and how they could have voted for anybody on the ticket of a different political faith is indeed remarkable. Yet such is the case, and the year 1884 witnesses a Presidential election with but one ticket in the field—a ticket that is certainly a good and strong one, and should indeed be elected unanimously. But then the question comes,

WILL THE PEOPLE VOTE IT?

Will they consent to throw aside all the traditions of party and the history of Presidential elections, and unite in putting men of opposite political parties in the White House, so that in the true sense there shall be a government by the whole people for the first time since Washington?

How this extraordinary state of things came about is not generally known; but it can be easily imagined. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden was the prime mover in the business, and the whole arrangement may be said to have been carried through by his instrumentality.

Many persons expressed surprise previous to the Convention that dear old Uncle Sammy should keep so quiet. It was known that he enjoyed plenty of popularity among certain classes, and that he promised to be no slouch of a candidate on the Democratic side. But not even the smartest bank-examiner, who always knows that a bank is going to fail after it has failed, thought that Mr. Samuel J. Tilden would be nominated by Republicans in Convention assembled. It shows only the wonderful influence of the man and his

ASTUTE POLITICAL METHODS.

"What was the use of nominating Democratic delegates if there was to be no Democratic Convention?" has been generally asked. If the usual practice had not been pursued, suspicions might have been aroused, and Mr. Tilden would have been unable to carry his point. His plans were laid carefully and secretly. It was Puck only who knew of them. Mr. Tilden knew in what paper implicit confidence could be placed. While the newspapers were discussing the chances of the various candidates Mr. Tilden kept very quiet, apparently. But he was not quiet. He knew that it was an impossibility for a Democrat alone to carry the country. It might result in a "counting-out" again, and create, even in case of victory, much bad feeling on account of the already long tenure of office of the Republican party.

Mr. Tilden, in the first place, employed his confidential henchmen to find out the name

and address of every Republican delegate. Having obtained these, one thousand "bar'ls" of twenty-dollar gold-pieces were stored in the cellars of Greystone. At the dead of every night, for the past two months, from ten to twelve delegates were seized and carried by special trains to Yonkers. On arriving there they were blindfolded and stupefied by powerful drugs; then, in the deepest dungeon beneath the castle-moat, the proceedings began.

The court was presided over by Mr. Tilden, and the exercises previous to the examination of the delegates were most impressive. Each one in turn was asked how much money he would take to cast his vote for Tilden instead of for a Republican candidate. The sum demanded ranged from a bar'l to half a bar'l, which was promptly promised. It was found, however, after much anxious calculation and investigation, that there was barely the sufficient number necessary to a choice. The remaining delegates, while perfectly willing to accept their bar'ls or half-bar'ls, failed to see how they could make it right with their constituents by voting out and out

FOR A DEMOCRAT.

This difficulty was got over in a masterly manner by the nickel-plated diplomacy of General Ben Butler. He was anxious that his name should be on the ticket, and conferred with Mr. Tilden on the subject. The result was that all the doubtful delegates consented to cast their ballots for a coalition ticket, with Tilden and Blaine as joint Presidents and a very strong trio of Vice-Presidents.

The men nominated should be elected. They will satisfy everybody. Each individual voter in the country will be represented. The offices will be fairly divided. The howls of a large defeated minority will be no longer heard, and the millennium will begin in earnest.

It is said that Mr. Blaine would have preferred not to be associated with Mr. Tilden, and that he contemplates negotiating with Democratic delegates with a view to get a nomination all to himself; but the best-informed politicians doubt if he will take any steps in the matter; besides, to hold a Democratic Convention now would be time and money thrown away.

FREE LUNCH.

GEOGRAPHICAL DEFINITIONS.

LONG ISLAND SOUND—Buzz, Buzz.

THE GOLDEN HORN—Yellow Chartreuse.

THE FRITH OF FROTH—Coney Island Beer.

BEAVER FALLS—When the straw hat season sets in.

THE GOLDEN GATE—The one to the Walking-Match.

JAMAICA PLAINS—Two of them—water in separate glasses.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—Taoung Taloung and David Davis.

MAGELLAN'S STRAITS—When he was rustling around to raise a dollar to carry him over till Saturday.

INTERESTING AND TRUE.

WHEN YOU have your commutation-ticket in your pocket, the conductor smiles and passes softly by, because he knows you are a commuter; but when you happen to leave your ticket in your other vest, the conductor always stops and snaps his punch like the jaws of a mad dog, and he delays and lingers and waits and pauses, and has a sudden spell of inertia. And when you explain he demands your money; and if you refuse he jerks the bell-rope, and the next instant you are standing in the soggy meadow, like a stork, gazing wistfully at the bone-boiling establishment that rises up in all its stenchful majesty against the lovely cobalt of a perfect Summer sky. This is because the conductor knows you are a commuter. Ah, kismet, the way of the conductor is so strange that it would be better for a man to carry his commutation-ticket in his teeth, that he might always have it, even if he forgot to put on any vest at all.

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.



CELT.—"Howly Virgin! ye talk about Oireland's difficulties! Bedad, I niver was so hard prissed in me loife as I am in this free country!"

THE PATRIOTS.—AN OPERETTA OF THE HOUR.

SCENE.—The rear room of O'Flaherty's saloon. The Patriots sit in secret council around a table on which are set out sundry bottles, glasses, etc.

FIRST PATRIOT.
Hurroo, byes, hurroo for the Pathriot's thrade;
A better no mortal did iver invint;
To the divil I've flung away pick-axe and shpade,
And the tinimint 's moine where I once ped me rint.
Sure, no longer I doine from a battered tin-can,
I've Dalmoniky's besht since I friz to this job:
Here 's a health to ould England, she 's med me a man,
For 'tis cursin' herself puts the bread in me gob.

SECOND PATRIOT.
'Tis navies we 'll have, byes—all here in me oi—
With Airin's green shtandart a-sailin' the says:
And we 've dynamoite, too—here 'tis, labelled "Ould Roi"—

To bring down Johnny Bull to his dashtardly knase.
Faix, the more of shtarvation and misery, too,
And shootin' and hangin' bedivils the Oile,
The better it is, byes, for me and for you,
For the shtamps come in faster and faster the whoile.

THIRD PATRIOT.
Wan Rafferty keeps a schmall groshery-shstore,
Where the woman that owns me was down on the schlate
Purty heavy, begob, till the villyun he shwore
Not a ha'porth on thrust anny more should we ate.
"Ye 'd shtarve out a pathriot, would ye!" I said:
"For a thraitor and shpy I'll denounce ye, ye baste!"
Faix, Rafferty thrimble. From that day, bedad,
Upon thrust on the besht of his havin' we faste!
(Cries of "Divil resaiue him!" "More power to ye, Mick!")

FOURTH PATRIOT.
Ye know the bloind poiper, byes, Terry McGlynn?
A nate little sum the ould bird had put boi
In the toe of a sock hid a tay-pot widin;
When Oi heerd of it, off, faix, to Terry wint Oi.
Oi discoused him, begor, of the want and the woe
The bloody red toirant had brought the green land,
And the tirrible vingeance we 'd wrake on the foe—
Sure, he imptied the shtockin' right into me hand.
(Prolonged laughter.)

FIFTH PATRIOT.
"Arrah, where are yez bound," sez I: "Biddy O'-Rorke?"
(She 's a sarvint and soft): "Where so fasht now, Machree?"
"A passage to boi," sez she: "here to New York,
For the mother at home that I 'm doyin' to see."
"I et her wait a whole yit," sez I: "Biddy ashtore."
And I shwore how the Gim of the Says wud be free,
Whin the pathriot byes had a few dollars more,
Till, half croyin', she gev all the money to me.
(Boisterous laughter, succeeded by cheering, and a voice, "Well, Reilly, ye bate the divil!")

ALL THE PATRIOTS [in chorus].
Hurroo, byes, hurroo for the Pathriot band,
And whin we git lift sure the day will be could,
The divil may care for the Emerald land,
While the money roulls into the Pathriots bould.
No longer we wrastle with shovel and shpade,
We 're shtatesmen and warriors—that is our job:
Here 's a health to ould England, our fortunes she 's med,
For 'tis cursin' herself puts the bread in our gob.
R.

POLITICAL POINTS.

These are intended for the benefit of the newspaper humorists of this great and glorious country. They furnish safe and well-ried cues for facetiousness about most of our public men, and are compiled from the best receipts of the oldest humorists:

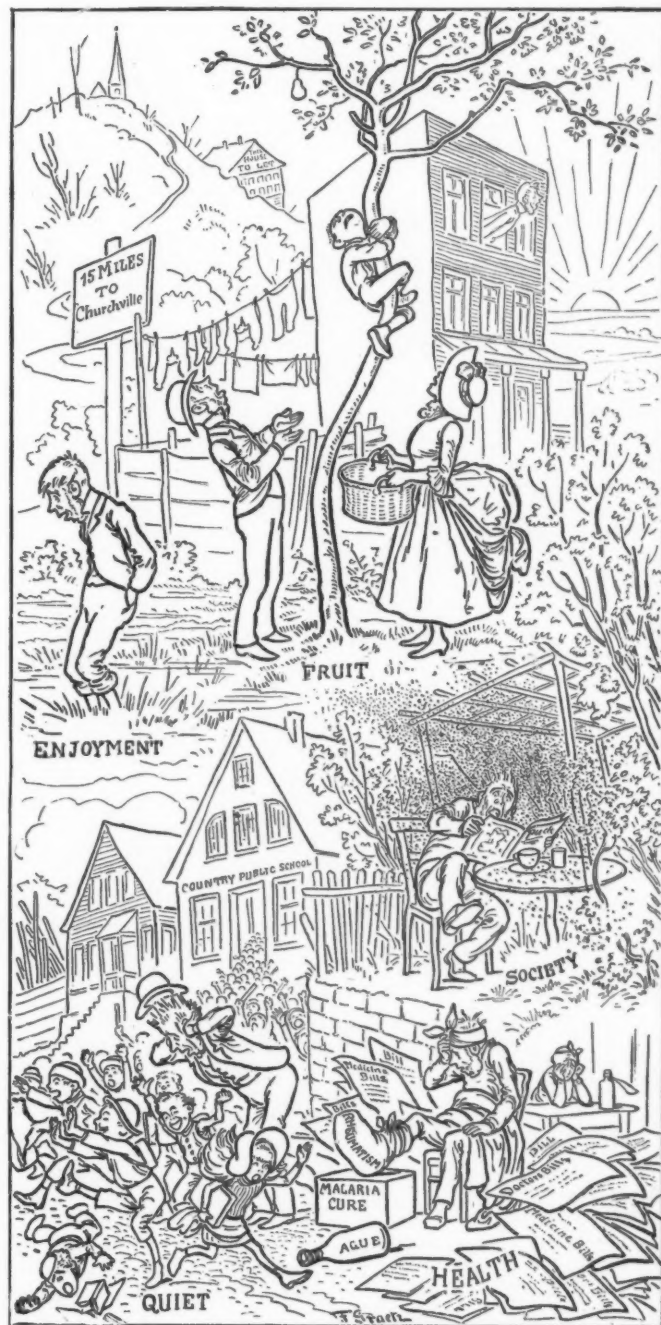
WHEN YOU WANT TO BE FUNNY ABOUT: REFER TO:
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.—Frigidity and Bunco.
DAVID DAVIS.—Fat.—On the Fence.
BEN BUTLER.—Cock-eye.—Spoons.—Widow.—Tewksbury.—Green-backs.
S. J. TILDEN.—Senility and Bar's.
J. G. BLAINE.—Tattoo.—Little Rock & Arkansaw.—Central Pacific.—Mulligan Letters.—His Book.—Sunstroke.—Vigorous Foreign Policy.—Peruvian Diplomacy.—Fatigued Record Generally.
CHESTER ARTHUR.—Dude.—"Chet-ness."—Auld Lang Syne.—Steve French.
GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.—Frigidity and Cocktails.
J. A. LOGAN.—War and Grammar.
W. S. HOLMAN.—N. Y. Sun.—Deadness, politically.—Liver-Pad.
ROSWELL P. FLOWER.—Unknown.—[Please avoid Puns.]
H. B. PAYNE.—Standard Oil Company.
W. H. VANDERBILT.—Parvenu-ness and P. B. D.
A. B. CORNELL.—Blind Pool.
JAY GOULD.—Strict Sense of Commercial Honor.
GENERAL SHERMAN.—Osculatory Tendencies.
JOHN SHERMAN.—Honesty—just simple, plain Honesty.
N. B.—We use this list ourselves.

THE COUNTRY BUTCHER and fish-dealer is a peculiar being. When you order a piece of beef, he sends it to you with the bone taken out. The bone is so large that there is no possibility of swallowing it, and it is difficult to see how it can do any harm in the beef. But the butcher takes it out, just the same; and the beef loses a great deal in flavor, while the small boy of the establishment is deprived of the long-looked-for rib to be utilized as a clapper. But when the butcher sends around a shad he never takes the bones out. Wherefore, O Mahomet, is it ever thusly? Why, oh, why this great inconsistency? Tell us, O Commander of the Faithful, or, by the false beard of the Prophet, we will smite thee very sore exceedingly. Bismillah, Jacob, Bismillah, and don't forget to rinse the can out before you go.

"Now, my dear," said the candidate's wife: "I don't wish to throw the slightest obstacle in the way of your election, and if you choose to turn the house into a bear-garden, and have all the loafers in town tramping on my carpets and filling my curtains with pipe-smoke and drinking whiskey out of my best tea-cups, I shan't say a word. But I want you distinctly to understand that if another of those women's rights delegations comes to know if you are going to take a manly stand for down-trodden womanhood—well, that delegation has got to be twenty years older and keep its veil down, or I'll interview it myself. That's all, dear."

THE MESSENGER-BOY is so called after the famous Messenger breed of race-horses; but not because of his swiftness. It was on account of the slowness of the former, the name having been bestowed ironically, after the Indian fashion of nomenclature, which makes it proper to call a great coward Man-not-Afraid-of-Satan, and the bravest of all braves Man-Afraid-of-a-Boiled-Hen.

ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS—ILLUSTRATED.



"HEALTH, QUIET, REST, ENJOYMENT, FRUIT, SOCIETY, CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, ETC."

WHAT THEY SAID.

The morning sun smiles gently upon the Spring-time landscape, gilding the surface of the rippling stream, and waking the tender verdure to a more vivid green. Only the faintest of breezes bends the low grain and stirs the feathery tree-tops. The tendrils of the vine sway softly to and fro, as though beating time to some inaudible symphony of Nature. Down in a silent and secret nook of the woods, where the young foliage clusters thickest, a manly form is bent low over a little book. A tear, rather of vexation than grief, dims his eagle eye, and, rolling down his cheek, drops sadly off the drooping end of his mighty moustache. No one would recognize in this despondent figure the mighty chieftain Logan. Yet even as we gaze he rises to his feet, and marches resolutely up and down, repeating mechanically: "A verb must agree with its substantive in gender, number and case—no, that ain't it. I done it, thou done it, he, she or it done it—odamitawl, here I'm a-going for to have to go for to learn myself the whole English language to accept a durned old snide nomination that maybe I won't never get, nohow. Gramn dammar, anyway, gram it!"

And with these words he strides into the beyondness.

"Yes, my son," said the aged sage, as he sat upon the lofty heights that overlook the Hudson River and gazed meditatively toward the glowing west: "yes, my son, the way to be contented is to be contented, and there is no true contentment outside of plain, solid content. Cast aside all these paltry ambitions. Take pattern by me, and note the peace and prosperity of my declining days. I am having a great deal more fun than I had in the days when I was doing a lot of accepting, taking nominations at their face value and getting choused out of them. Over yonder, in the great city by the Western lake, a vast concourse of men are struggling wildly for the honor and glory of a few selfish and ignoble politicians. Their hearts are filled with envy, hatred and all uncharitableness; their souls are made dark with anger, their collars are wilted and their wristbands are as the wild ass of the desert, which I do not know what it is, but it sounds Scriptural. Whereas I sit here in the mellow evening of life, calm and peaceful, lifted high above the clamor and strife of parties, strong in my contemplative calm and my simple philosophy. Ah, Susan, tell Dennis to roll my bar'l into the deepest dungeon beneath the kitchen cellar, and ask Mr. Kelly to wait in the hall until I milk the cow."

"I want you to understand," said the gentleman from the pine-woods of Maine: "that if there has been any talk about a nomination, it has not emanated from me. I assure you, my dear sir, I shouldn't know a nomination if it were to come up and meet me in the street and slap me on the back and say: 'How are you, Jim?' No, sir. My life is given up to literature. Literature is the consolation of my lusty middle-age. I had rather write than be President. You have not read the second volume of my book? No, unfortunately, the fellow who—I mean, I have been unable to put my manuscript in the hands of the printers as promptly as I had expected to. The fact is, I am saving that next volume until

after this campaign. And when that brief period of turmoil is over, I will just seize the cold, impartial pen of the historian, and wriggle its hissing point right plumb through the record of a man by the name of Arthur. No, sir, literature has its joys and its consolations, far superior to nominations and other fatigued baubles."

And only poor old Honest John Sherman said: "I do want it, boys, the worst way, and if you'll just buckle down and sail in and pull all together, you can get me in, don't you know? Come, brace up, boys; you don't know how I hanker!"

SAM WARD.

[DIED AT PEGLI, ITALY, MAY 19TH, 1884.]

O famed disciple of our modern days
Of him whose old-time teaching never dies,
And still grows fresher as each century flies,
The final summons comes to thee at last.
And now, with all thy wand'rings long since past,
Thou restest 'neath those blue Italian skies
Which even in thy life thou didst so prize,
And even Stoics come to sing thy praise.

Thine was a life men pause to contemplate,
So strangely passed, so mingled with the time,
And yet so far apart. In prose and rhyme
Thy story will be told—the Prince of Sybarites;
Thy days with feasting filled, with song thy
nights,

With frailty touched—yet, in thine own way,
Great.

JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

A BUDDING POET recently sent a religious weekly a sonnet "To a Devil's Darning-Needle," and was greatly surprised at the sanctimoniousness of the said periodical when it printed his sonnet changed so that the title read: "To a Satan's D—g-Needle."

"THE THREE FISHERS"—Chester A. Arthur, Robert B. Roosevelt and "Billy" Florence.

NATURAL.



TRAMP WITH A CLUB.—"Soy, d'yer know who I am?"
INTERESTED CITIZEN.—"Wall Street Broker, ain't you?"

UNMADE HAY.

We knew by the clouds to the eastward
It was going to rain that day,
And there was the whole of the meadow lot
All spread with the fragrant hay.
And the clouds grew darker and larger
As the wind the tree-tops tossed,
And, hard though I was working,
It seemed that the hay was lost.

My farm was a small and poor one,
And the hay-crop was all I had,
And I could not afford to hire a man,
For the times were dull and bad;
And matters were looking dreary
For me that Summer day,
When I heard a sweet voice behind me:
"I will help you get in the hay!"

'Twas my neighbor's daughter, Molly,
Who lived just across the road,
And soft was the light in her down-cast eyes,
And the blush on her cheek that glowed.
I gladly accepted the service
She offered in friendly way,
And there by my side that afternoon
She helped me gather the hay.

She was no fine lady feeble,
Though her arms were plump and white,
And she raked all day with me, row for row,
Till the fall of the Summer night.
And then, when we ceased our labors,
And the hay was stored away,
From the depth of my heart I thanked her
For her kindness to me that day.

And I took her home to her cottage,
But I didn't pause to woo,
And I asked not her hand in marriage,
Which I know she thought I'd do.
I left her there at the gate-way,
Beneath the branches brown,
And from her looks I know she was
The maddest girl in town.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have this day entered into an unlimited partnership, under the style of the Wicked Flee Rehypothecating Company, for the transaction of an original banking business.

F—D—D W—D.
J—M—S D. F—H.
J—N C. E—O.
G—E I. S—N—Y.
C—R—S A. H—V.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1884.

With reference to the above, the Wicked Flee Rehypothecating Company are prepared to take charge of any kind of negotiable securities, and keep them so safely that the owners will not be troubled with the care of them. The company will also undertake to give their friends fifty per cent profit on any Government contracts which they may not get. Theatres backed up with cash, and an agency for the engagement and encouragement of ballet-girls will receive personal attention from a prominent member of the company. Wall Street speculation a specialty.

Branches of the firm are now in the course of being established in Canada and Europe.

Capitalists should lose no time in taking advantage of the facilities afforded by the Wicked Flee Rehypothecating Company.

YES, A boy may be a messenger-boy and still possess lots of that sterling article called sand. But it is not quicksand.



PHRYNE BEFORE THE CHURCH
 ARDENT ADVOCATE.—“Now, Gentlemen, don't make any mistake in your decision.”



WITH APOLOGIES TO J. L. GEROME

E TH CHICAGO TRIBUNAL.
mistake in our decision! Here's Purity and Magnetism for you—can't be beat!"

BALLADE OF THE RUSTICATOR.

Shall it be to the sounding sea?
 Shall it be to the mountain high?
 In precisely a month more we
 From the city shall have to fly.
 When comes with the cherry-pie
 Surcease from the greedy plumber—
 Ah, then do we softly sigh:
 "Where shall we go this Summer?"
 When boometh the bumble-bee,
 When the flowers in beauty vie,
 And the wind floats soft and free
 In ripples across the rye;
 When a-traveling goes the sly
 And pert itinerant drummer—
 Then rises the citizen's cry:
 "Where shall we go this Summer?"
 When the brass bell in the lea
 Clangs on the heifer spy,
 And the ice-cream sign swings free,
 And the wells are all run dry;
 When the tail of the old ki yi
 Wears a flagon that makes him glummer—
 Ah, then do we say: "Oh, my!
 Where shall we go this Summer?"

ENVOI.

O Ferdinand Ward, good-by,
 In Ludlow Street a bummer;
 It will shortly be July,
 And—where will you go this Summer?

BRACING BLAINE'S BOOM.

A cool, calm and dispassionate view of the various Presidential booms satisfies us that at present the Blaine boom is the most feeble and languid of the lot. Being the most feeble and languid of the booms, the boom that is most in need of upholstering and bracing up is the boom of His Tattooship. The proper method of bracing up a boom is to do it in person, and not leave it in the hands of agents, who may loiter in the beer-saloon by the way-side and neglect the sacred charge. If you want a boom well boomed you must boom it yourself and not leave it to others. Therefore, beloved Jeems, if you want to put the necessary vim into your boom to cause it to land you a winner in the tournament that opens on the third of June, you should lose no time, but start right out on the road yourself, and go among the people, and satisfy them that you are one of them, and well worthy of their support.

In Rome you must do as the Romans do; therefore you must go out among the Romans, and prove that you are a Roman and not an Irishman. In this country there are many classes, and you must belong to each class in order to secure the support of that class. We suggest that you not merely go forth among these different classes, and say you are one of them; but attire yourself in their different fashions, and let them see you are one of them.

In order that you may better understand our suggestion, we have had pictures drawn and speeches written for your benefit.

For instance, here is the way you should get yourself up for the grangers, and here is the speech: "Dern it, fellow-citizens, I used ter be a farmer myself. Before I went inter Congress I used ter raise sheep and chickens. I kin tell yer how to shear lambs and wear cowhide boots. I recollect, my friends, when I was happy with one suspender and a twenty-five cent straw hat. There is no life so independent and happy as the farmer's be. Our great and increasing grain interests," etc.



Our great and increasing grain interests," etc.



"Mine vrents, I can vell say that I am werry happy to meet you. I haf Scherman plood in my weins. My crandmother vas a Scherman, and I veer a small leedle cap mit my head. I don't believe in Vall Street and speculation; I believe in Sauerkraut and Leberwurst. If you elect me, I vill hef the Scherman language and Leberwurst in the public schools. I vant the Scherman vote. I would like to be a prewer, and own a dozen peer-gardens."

Then you should go forth into Fifth Avenue society as follows:

And when you are among the dudes, you should adjust your single-barreled eye-glass and high collar, and twirl a silver-headed cane. And you should speak like this:

"Dear chappies, don't you know, I am not in a humor for speaking this evening. I have just been dining at the club, you know; and after drinking a small bottle of Beaune, some of the boys gave me some Roman punch, and told me it was lemonade. Blasted mean joke of the boys'. I have always been a dude since my ability to buy checked clothes."



manly art of self-defense. I could stand up and take it out o' the best of 'em when I was a young 'un. I was called Mulligan's Mouse. I am a nephew of the late Jem Ward. I was named Jem after him. I don't believe in any law what don't allow prize-fighting. If elected, I will stop anybody what attempts ter interfere with a mill. And I will have John L. Sullivan,

Although you come from a water State, James, you must acknowledge the potent beauty of beer. If you are opposed to beer you can not carry Hoboken and Cincinnati. You should, therefore, look well to your interests in those places. Put on a pair of wooden shoes, a blue blouse, and a long pipe. Then you should go to a Schützenfest, and remark:

Charles Mitchell, Pete McCoy and the other boys in the Cabinet. Then we can do away with the army, and do all the knocking-out ourselves."

In order to secure the well-known Southern vote, you should first procure your pass over the Little Rock and Arkansas Railroad, and proceed South. Then you should make the acquaintance of all the colored Methodist churches and baseball clubs. You should go before these bodies attired like a negro-minstrel, in checked clothes and flaming necktie, large collar, blacking-box cuff-buttons and a tambourine, and say:

"Brudders—I ain't a nigger myself, but I wish to the good God I was. My gran'fadder was a nigger named Johnson—George Washington Johnson—and I black up in honor of his memory. If I get de black vote I will have all the niggers in power. I will not give a white man a show. My great-gran'fadder served five terms in prison for chicken-stealing, and was an honor to his family. Dis he-ah man will have the punishment for chicken-stealing abolished, if elected. Then you kin steal all the poultry you kin lug."

The soldier's vote has long been considered a great help in being elected. You should not fail to limp along on a crutch, and wear a military uniform, to get the reputation of being a war-scarred veteran. Then you should visit Grand Army reunions, and speak as follows:

"Soldiers—It is a great pleasure to look upon you

and think of the hairbreadth adventures we passed through together. Often, in the clouds of battle, have we stood up side by side in the ranks of death and victory. And it gives me great pleasure to ask you for your votes, which I feel pretty sure I shall get. I am a zouave, I am an artillery-man, I am a cavalry-man, I am everything that is military. My forefathers were all soldiers. And I trust that if I should be nominated you will bear the banner illuminated with my face as you bore the stars and stripes—through the dust and carnage of many a battle-field to victory. And I shall have a military Cabinet, and see that the privates get more pension-money than the major-generals."

It is rather late, Mr. Blaine, for you to avail yourself of our advice, because it is rather late in the day for you to do so profitably. It will come in all right for the campaign of 1888, if Providence and sunstroke spare you until that time. And we hardly believe you will be above accepting such suggestions.



THE MEMORY of that unfortunate railroad sticks so to Mr. Blaine that he must feel that there is Little Rock of Ages in store for him.

A MARTYR TO IDENTIFICATION.

"Give a poor man a dime to get a meal?" said a tramp the other morning, in Washington Square, to a smart-looking business man who walked briskly by.

The tramp was a very pronounced specimen of his species. His eyes were deeply sunk in their sockets; they were bloodshot. He looked haggard, careworn and demoralized generally. His grizzled hair was intricately matted over his pericranium, and his whole appearance was not such as to inspire either confidence or respect, although his features did not lack a certain refinement.

"Give a poor man a dime?" he repeated, plaintively.

"There you are," responded the business man, tossing the coin into the limp and ash-barrelly hat of the tramp: "But what has brought you to this condition? You look as if you had seen better days. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The tone of the tramp seemed to interest the man of business.

"Those are kind words, sir. You can do something for me, and it shall not cost you a cent."

"What is it, my good fellow?"

"I want you to identify me."

"Identify you? Why, I think I should now know you among a thousand."

"You misunderstand me. What I want you to do is to swear that I am Eusebius Slote."

"But how can I say that it is your name? I don't know you."

"Ah," said the tramp: "they all say that."

Then he drew from a hole in his tattered vest a piece of paper that was soiled enough on the outside to have been a receipt for a ton of coal, and been carried with the coal itself. He opened it and called the business man's attention to it.

"Read that."

The business man looked at the document. It was a draft on the Gotham Bank of New York City for ten thousand dollars, payable to Eusebius Slote.

"Well, that's all right. The Gotham Bank hasn't busted. If it isn't a forgery, and you really are Eusebius Slote, why don't you go and get the money?"

"I can't do it."

"Pshaw! I guess you're a fraud, or the draft isn't yours at all. Get along. I can't afford to lose any more time," and the business man started to leave.

"Don't go!" shouted the tramp: "let me explain. I am no fraud. If you will identify me I am saved. I need no longer beg for ten cents to get a meal. Listen to my sad story. Man's inhumanity to man in refusing me identification has blasted my life. I came to this country with this draft for ten thousand dollars on the Gotham Bank. It was my all. I thought it better to take the draft than carry the amount in gold. How different things might have been if I had had the specie! I knew no one in New York. I was well dressed, full of hope and vigor, and the future seemed bright and slopping over with promise. I presented my draft at the teller's window of the Gotham Bank.

"He asked what my name was. I told him Eusebius Slote. He said I must get somebody to identify me. I answered it wasn't possible, as I knew nobody in the city. He replied that he could not help that. I then remembered that I had a friend in San Francisco. I telegraphed for him; but, alas! my dispatch arrived only to find him dead. I then wrote to Europe, and two or three of my friends left their wives, families and business to come to New York to identify me; but then, as they could get nobody to identify them, they had to return, and my draft still remained uncashed. My ready money gave out, and ultimately I became a tramp, as you find me.

"Day after day I have pleaded with the benevolent to identify me; but none of them will do it; even you refuse. Here I am walking about with ten thousand dollars in my pocket, without shelter, almost without clothes, because there is no one who will swear that I am Eusebius Slote. I am getting old. I know I can not live much longer, and when I die, perhaps in the Charity Hospital, my death may be put down to this cruel, unnatural law of identification. I shall be buried in Potter's Field, when I might have had a handsome tomb in Greenwood. This is indeed a hard, cruel, unsympathetic world. And the worst of it all is that my friends are now all dead, so there is not the remotest chance of my ever being identified by anybody who really knows me."

MASHINGTON NERVINE.

UNDER THE ROSES.

Here lies the painter.

Under the lovely roses of June he sleeps sweetly and well. Little he recks of the clear blue skies of Summer unmarked by a single cloud. The roses drop their dainty pink shell-like petals over him as though to canopy him with fragrance. The robin sings his glad song on the limb of the apple-tree, and as he hops among the blossoms seems lost in a snow-drift. The bee loiters among the daisies, and buzzes about in a wild, frisky manner that shows what a light-hearted rover he is. And the butterfly—the first one of the season, and one that looks as though he might be two ten-dollar gold-pieces waving on a golden hinge—flutters softly about and across the lawn that is cut down close, like a prize-fighter's hair, and freckled with dandelions.

But what cares the painter?

He is unconscious of it all. He has laid aside his brush, and the tender green of the grass, the soft blue of the sky, and the love-songs of mating robins are naught to him.

There he sleeps a peaceful, gentle sleep that is quiet and undisturbed.

Not thirty Summers have passed since he entered this world of trouble—his mother's fair-haired, blue-eyed boy. The boy in whom all her hopes were centred from the time he prattled on the rag-carpet on the old kitchen floor, and played with blocks and tin soldiers. Ah, what impossible successes she laid out for him to accomplish in life! Successes that only one man out of every successful five thousand accomplishes. How she thought, as every mother thinks, that he would one day be President and be loaded with honors!

And here he lies, so young and fair, beneath the roses.

The very kind of roses that he once bashfully presented to the girl whom he afterward married. And, perhaps, when he picked them, the same birds sang above him that sing above him now; and, no doubt, they flew about from twig to twig and delivered themselves of delicate bits of bird-humor when they saw him present them, because the awkward manner in which he did it plainly showed what was the matter with him.

In all probability, some gushing oriole with a great red breast saw it from the drapery of a weeping willow, and took courage to pour forth his own tale of love to the fair oriole he liked best.

But that is all gone by. The painter hears not their songs. They may bill and coo, and be accepted, but it makes no difference to him. He sleeps beneath the roses.

But as soon as I give him a good sound kick on the jaw, which I intend to do right away, and then ask him why he lies down under my rose-bush and sleeps four hours in the middle of the day, when I am paying him two dollars and a half a day, he will probably jump up, kick the beer-kettle swiftly from view, swob the brush along the side of the house, and say he has only been asleep four minutes, from fatigue caused by sitting up with a dead man.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

BUTLER IN THE CAMPAIGN FIELD.



"MORE HOES THAN HILL."

"PAPA," SAID one of the offspring of the Plumed Knight, the other day, as he entered the room with a slate and pencil in his hand: "let's have a game, will you?"

"A game of what?" inquired the old man.

"Why, a game of tit, tattoo," replied the youngster, innocently.

A moment later the boy was going through the window, with his father traveling after him as though he, the boy, was the New York delegation.

AMERICAN DYNAMITE IN EUROPE.

THE DESPOTISMS OF THE OLD WORLD ARE BEGINNING TO FEAR AND RESPECT US.

The following dispatches have been received within the past two weeks:

LONDON, May 18th.

The police obtained secret information yesterday that tomato-cans on the dump at Windsor were charged with dynamite. A thorough search revealed no explosives; but it was discovered that the cans, which were of the size usually bought by Her Majesty, bore the stamp of an American firm. Mr. Gladstone is said to have had a private interview last night with Mr. Lowell on this matter. The newspapers are all more or less bitter against the American Government.

FLORENCE, May 25th.

Several priests in the sacrificial procession to-day were injured by picking up hot centesimi thrown, as if for an offering, by the children of an American family. To prevent international misunderstandings, an apology from the father has been accepted. The excitement is subsiding.

BERLIN, May 20th.

A stranger was seen intently gazing at "Unser Fritz" at parade early yesterday afternoon. His linen surtout and embroidered cloth shoes showed him to be an American. He was followed to a restaurant, where, as if aware that he was watched, he was seen to swallow something with an ease that proved it was not food. He was thereupon arrested; but declared that he was only swallowing his knife. Finding that he still continued under arrest, he became very violent, uttering such meaningless expressions as "Eat as I please," "My money is as good as yours," "American Eagle," "Two-headed rooster." This morning he was calmer, but did not seem to realize his position.

In the absence of an American Ambassador, the prisoner's case will have to be settled by direct communication between the two countries. Prince Bismarck arrived from Ems last night.

MUNICH, May 28th.

It has just transpired that an arrest was made last week of a stranger suspected of having murderous intentions on the life of King Louis.

The suspected assassin was arrested while taking a nap on a bench in the park at Karlsruhe. He said he was an American citizen, and, although he had no passport, his assertion was confirmed by the collar and cuffs of his shirt, which were made of a substance somewhat resembling ivory, which is worn only by Americans. On being searched, nothing to arouse suspicion was found on him except a strange combination of words, figures and lines on his shirt-bosom, which was of the same material as the collar and cuffs. He declared this to be only a sure system of beating Pharaoh, and begged pitiously that it might not be made public. To prove the truth of his assertion, Dr. Dickenkopf, head of the Theological Faculty of the University of Erlangen, was given the cryptogram. After a careful study of it he pronounced the prisoner a religious enthusiast, (German for crank,) who had lost his reason in trying to find the true name of the BEAST, and advised his confinement in a lunatic-asylum.

LATER.—At a Cabinet council it has been decided to send the man out of the kingdom.

MADRID, May 24th.

The royal train was delayed nearly thirty minutes to-day between Burgos and Vittoria, owing to grease which had been applied to some thirty lengths of rail. This is suspected to be the work of either Carlists or Socialists, who must have received foreign aid. This latter theory is well established, as the royal chem-

ist, to whom a specimen of the grease was submitted, has pronounced it to be American soft-soap.

In the Chamber of Deputies, to-morrow, Señor Bolero, labor representative from Catalonia, will make a very long protection speech, using as his principal argument that American soap was used on this occasion, instead of the native Castile.

ROME, May 30th.

A cartoon was discovered early this morning on a door of the Vatican, through which the Holy Father usually passes to mass. The cartoon, which was at once removed, was certainly of American origin, as in one corner were discovered the half-erased words: "The Little Runaway." Given to every subscriber to the *Christian Union* H. W. Be Edit

This foul attempt upon Pope Leo, who is very feeble, was fortunately frustrated by its early discovery. The Swiss guards have been doubled. At the next session of the Senate, Signor Montebunco will try to unite the Clericals on this question. It is said that at the close of his speech he will exhibit the cartoon itself.

DO YOU WONDER?

E.

THE *Hawkeye* ambassador called upon the Siamese ambassadors, and after introducing himself and casually remarking that the *Hawkeye*, with a large and constantly increasing circulation, was the best advertising medium between the mountains, said:

"I didn't exactly catch your name."

"Sonapandit," replied the minister.

"The same," assented the *Hawkeye* embassy: "Any handle?"

"I am called Prince Sonapandit," replied the ambassador, modestly.

"Ah, yes, prints; I thought your name sounded like a Pawtucket cotton-mill," said the distinguished journalist: "but never mind. And your colleague? His name sounded familiar, but I don't seem to remember his face."

"Ah, beg pardon. Allow me. Krom-Mun-Narate-Raja-Wararit, this is the *Hawkeye*; *Hawkeye*, Krom-Mun-Narate-Raja-Wararit. Krom-Mun-Nara—"

"Ease her a little," said the eminent journalist: "come ahead hard on the starboard; I thought—"

"That is only my stage-name," said His Royal Highness Krom-Mun-Narate-Raja-Wararit: "My real name is Prince Phra-Ong-Krite-Bhinikarn."

"Jimmy Krite," said the great leader-writer, under his breath, and then, merely pausing to convey to the ambassadors renewed assurances of his distinguished consideration, of which both pagans took a healthy pull, he departed, greatly rejoiced that he went to see the Siamese twins once when he was a child, and thus became familiar with the language of Apis, the great sacred white cow of the Ganges. What a power, in the hand of a wise man, is a college education!—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the editor of the small daily American paper published in Paris, has

DEEP DIPLOMACY.



FOND MOTHER.—"Are you better, my dear?"

LITTLE EFFIE.—"I dunno—is the jelly all gone?"

FOND MOTHER.—"Yes."

LITTLE EFFIE.—"Well, I'm well enough to get up, then."

landed in New York with the avowed purpose of establishing an exclusively European newspaper in that city. There is at the present time in New York a daily evening newspaper devoted exclusively to European news. It is the color of an underdone strawberry-short-cake, and is termed the *Telegram*. We do not believe Mr. Chamberlain will be able to wrest this paper's prestige and circulation from its grasp. He will certainly be unable to do so unless the character of his proposed journal is infinitely above that of the miserable little dodger he issues in Paris under the bob-tail guise of alleged American journalism.—*Chicago News*.

THE people of this country have at least some satisfaction in the fact that Patti caught a severe attack of the crazy bed-quilt fever while in this country, and the result has been a quilt six feet square. There is more than one way to get even with the high-priced foreign artists, no matter if they have been vaccinated against epidemic. Patti's husband will probably hate Americans, now that he can't find a whole necktie in his wardrobe.—*Peck's Sun*.

It is very touching to hear Lawrence Barrett complaining of the cool reception he got in London. As if there was anything about him to inspire warmth and enthusiasm! Mr. Barrett ought never to venture into polite society unaccompanied by a warming-pan.—*Chicago News*.

THE immortal saying: "There's always room at the top," was invented by a hotel-clerk.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

—If you, who delight in a soothing pipe, ask why Blackwell's Durham Long Cut is the most exquisite smoking tobacco in the world? the reply must be—there is art in preserving what nature bestows. The large capital of Blackwell & Co. privileges them to gather the cream of the leaf grown on the Golden Belt, and their immense storage facilities enable them to carry their choice stock till it becomes as sweet and fragrant as a rose.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became a Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 16, 25, 26, 33, 38, 45, 46, 50, 53, 54, 56, 60, 62, 77, 79, 84, 85, 87, 88, 108, 109, 122 and 141 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

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Ginger, don't
ask for Jamai-
ca Ginger or Ginger
but ask for the

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If Carter H. Harrison and other alleged pa-
triotic Democrats are afraid to enter the Guber-
natorial race against Uncle Dick Oglesby, we
believe the grand old party ought to call on
old Bill Dowdall to carry their standard. It
has been given out that old Bill has wearied of
running a free delivery-wagon for the Illinois
Democrats; but we suspect he would not refuse
to make just one more trip if the reward at the
end of the route was sufficient to justify the
labor expended. We must admit to a sly han-
kering after Dowdall in the Gubernatorial chair.
We admire him for his honesty, earnestness,
patriotism and intellect. There is little doubt
he would make a much more competent Gov-
ernor than the carrot-haired object who now
draws pay in that capacity.—*Chicago News.*

It is claimed in laundry circles that the
Chinese are ruining the business. They have
not only cut on prices, but have invented a way
to wash a man's clothing without his having to
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time his clothing is being washed, and has a
luxuriant rest on the line while the clothing is
drying. If this is true, then, indeed, it is time
for the Chinese to go.—*Pick's Sun.*

SOME of our exchanges are speaking of "the
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in the war for the Union, but we are glad he
has been granted a pension. A man who could
buy a whole State from the Indians for a few
quarts of rum and a market-basket full of cheap
bric-à-brac deserves to have a pension.—*Norris-
town Herald.*

"HAVE you anything for me to do especial-
ly?" asks the subordinate editor of the chief.

"No, I believe not. Wait a minute. You
may criticise Charles Reade."—*Arkansas Trav-
eler.*

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etizer known is **Angostura Bitters.** Try it, but beware of im-
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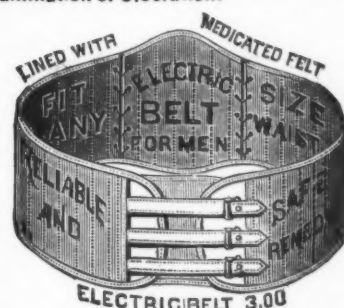
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WHILE Rome was yet burning, and Lucullus Pennarum, the editor of the *Daily Quirion*, was employing every means to catch the early mail, Titus Quibblerius, the musical critic, arrived in hot haste.

"What news from the fire?" eagerly inquired the enterprising Roman journalist: "Have the Diocletian baths succumbed to the devouring flames?"

"Of that I have no information," replied Titus Quibblerius, the musical critic: "but I have here a two-column criticism of the violin fantasia performed to-night by our Most August Emperor Nero. I find that in the seventh andante passage of the third symphony he slurred the descending fourth note of the D in alt, allowing the instrumentation of the contrapuntal adagio to staccato with a vibrato quality into an inordinate pianissimo florituri."—*Chicago News*.

"How is it," said a citizen, meeting an acquaintance: "that you manage to wear such good clothes? If you would not expend so much on dress, you might be able to repay that sum of money you borrowed from me."

"It is evident you do not understand the situation," the acquaintance replied: "If I did not dress well, I could not borrow money. I bought these clothes with the money I borrowed from you. I am out of business, you know, and if I didn't keep myself in presentable shape, why, I'd come out at the contracted end of the wind instrument."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

"WHAT is a wink?" asked the teacher.

"It is the thing you season your soda-water with," replied the new boy, who was as smart as he was annoying. But the teacher marked him away down, and pretended not to understand him.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WHEN the St. Louis merchants crowded up to the bulletin-boards on which the panic news was written, they gave one look and then turned away disappointed. They thought it was the base-ball score.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

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